THE Present Danger OF TANGIER:

OR,

An Account of its being Attempted
By a great Army of the *Moors* by Land,
And under ſome Apprehenſions of
The *FRENCH* at Sea.

In a LETTER from Cadiz,
Dated the 29th of July *(old ſtile)* 1679.
To a Friend in England.

WE are not a little afflicted to underſtand by the laſt News from *England*, of the Diſtractions you labour under, by the diſturbances occaſioned by Popiſh Traitors, and the Inſurrection in *Scotland*, which we truſt by this time may be ſubdued and allayed, from thoſe good Encouragements your Letter gave us to hope ſo. But in return, I have no-

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thing to ſend you, but the like Tidings of more Diſaſters, and that is, of the great danger the Town and Garriſon of *Tangier* ſeems to be in at this time; being, 'tis credibly reported here, under a Blockade, and in ſome Diſtreſs, for there are many thouſand *Moors* lye againſt it, ſome ſay Fifteen Thouſand, others more; for indeed, they can bring down what Multitudes they liſt, at an hours warning upon them; but hitherto there have not paſſed many acts of Hoſtility between them; for they are now upon a Treaty of Sixty days; which is ſaid to be politickly propoſed and held on foot by the Town, in hopes that they may in that time receive ſome Supplies of Proviſion, Ammunition, *&c.* from *England*; for they complain lamentably, That they are very ill furniſht in caſe of a Siege. During this Treaty, they converſe freely with the *Moors*, and ſome adventure to go amongſt them, and return without damage; but the Sixty days are now near expiring, and we do not hear of any good Accommodation that is like to be concluded, nor any extraordinary Succours come to the Garriſon; but on the contrary, ſince we came here, the

the *Moors* have been aſſiſted from ſome Engliſh, (as 'tis confidently related) with 1500 Barrels of Powder, Landed at *Tangier*, and ſo from thence, clandeſtinely, and by Roguery, ſold at very dear rates, and conveyed to them. Thus 'tis too often the Cuſtom of our Nation, to give away their Swords to their Enemies, and then fight with their Teeth, and furniſh our Foes with means to Cut our Throats. What a curſed thing is this private Self-Intereſt! how many brave Kingdoms hath it deſtroyed! Whilſt *every one* is much for himſelf, the Devil fools *us all*. There are *Men in the World*, that would ſell their King, their Countrey, their Religion, their Souls and all, to *Pope* or *Turk*, or any other Chapman, for ready *Money*. Let the Ship I ſail in periſh, provided out of the Wrack I may get a Pleaſure-Boat for my ſelf. So a Villain gets an Eſtate, what cares he how many poor Souls ſuffer by his Fraud, Treachery, or Oppreſſion? I cannot think of theſe baſe Dregs of Mankind, that are Betrayers of their Countries Safety, Honour, Wealth, and Reputation, without juſt Reſentment, and ſome Emotion of Spirit. We all here are upon this news, in

a great deal of Pain and Trouble, concerning *Tangiers* Circumſtances; for you know of what conſiderable Importance 'tis to our *Streights*-Trade; and ſhould it be loſt, our Merchants might in effect, take their leave of the *Mediterranean*, eſpecially if it ſhould fall into ſome peoples Hands.

The French *have now* 40 *ſail of Gallies lying at* Gibraltar, *on what deſigne we cannot learn; which cauſes ſome apprehenſions as if there might be ſome Correſpondence held by them with the* Moors, *to the prejudice of the place beforementioned: But this is only a Suſpition amongſt them who think it prudence to provide for the worſt. We hope they may be ſufficiently reliev'd in time, to put them in a condition able to diſpel all theſe Fears.*

From on board the *Hopewel*, *Abraham Roavens* Maſter.
Directed to *Will. Ellis*, at the three Pidgeons in *Creed-lane*; who received the ſame on *Wedneſday* the 13th of *Aug.* 1679.

Yours to Command,

E. M.

FINIS.

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